THE

Loyal Soldiers Courtſhip;

OR, Conſtant *PEGGY'S* Kind Anſwer.

BEING

Her Reſolution to Forſake her Friends, and venture to the Wars with her Beloved Souldier.

To a Pleaſant New Tune. Licenſed according to Order.

UPon the Banks of Ireland,
when firſt we Landed there,
So cold was then our Lodging,
yet harder was our Fare;
For want of Meat and Drink, Sir,
our Men did pine and dye,
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

O come away, ſweet Peggy,
and hear what I ſhall ſay,
We muſt for famous England,
there to receive our Pay:
Now for thy conſtant kindneſs,
I will love thee till I dye,
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

I'll take thee croſs the Ocean,
unto my native Land,
And ſtudy thy Promotion,
then don't diſputing ſtand;
Theſe Arms ſhall ſtill Embrace thee,
in Love and Conſtancy;
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

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Sweet Souldier, ſince you Woo'd me,
my Friends have made a noiſe,
Then do not thus delude me,
with ſuch fine Golden Joys,
For fear of Parents anger,
your Suit I muſt deny,
Although you will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

What need you fear your Father
or Mothers angry Frowns?
My Hand and Sword ſhall Guard you
through Cities, Courts and Towns:
For thee, my deareſt Jewel,
I'll Fight until I dye;
And Love, I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

But Souldier, ſhould you leave me,
when you another find,
This would perplex and grieve me,
ſhould you prove ſo unkind:
Therefore I'm loath to venter,
your Suit I muſt deny;
Although you do no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

I cannot be ſo Cruel,
while I remain alive,
If I am falſe, ſweet Jewel,
then never let me thrive:
I never will deceive thee,
but love thee till I dye;
Yet now I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

Souldier, as thou art Loyal,
what e're become of me,
I'll make no more denyal,
but through the World with thee:
My Fortune I will venter,
whether I live or dye,
The Field of Mars I'll enter,
where we in Camp will lye.

I'll leave my fond Relations,
my Parents dear alſo,
And unto Foreign Nations,
along with thee I'll go:
A Muſquet on my ſhoulder,
I'll bear right valiantly;
Thus as a fellow-Souldier,
with thee I'll live and dye.

Let's go on Board together,
to Plow the Ocean Main,
I fear no Wind nor Weather,
Love, with the Warlike Train,
In France or famous Flanders,
where e're thy lot ſhall be,
Under thoſe brave Commanders,
I'll live and dye with thee.

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